

Pride and Spirit!

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Summary: Summary: Alfred knows best: Arthur would look damn sexy in a cheer uniform. Despite his reluctance, Arthur goes through with the tryout all for his stupid Alpha. (Omegaverse, usuk, r-15)

Pride and Spirit!

Alfred wolf-whistled. "Yeah, I definitely prefer this!"

Red-faced, Arthur emerged from the locker room in tight indigo spandex.

"God bless America, seriously," Alfred sang, "I love skin-tight clothes." He reached out to stroke his omega's back.

"Damn," he licked his lips.

"Alfred, this is so embarrassing already, please," Arthur pleaded, Alfred's scent filling with the cinnamon bite of lust. He couldn't take it.

Alfred raised his eyebrows and kissed Arthur's hands.

"Aw, baby, but," he whined, "You tried so hard to get on the team!"

"I didn't do that for your sake, idiot," The omega protested, rubbing his thighs together. The tight fabric squeaked softly. Alfred inched closer. His scent grew stronger.

Arthur's back touched the wall.

"I'm glad you did though," Alfred breathed into his shoulder, onto his neck, ran his lips tenderly across his jaw. "Now I get to tell everyone that I'm dating a sexy cheerleader."

Alfred ran his hand through Arthur's glued together thighs. The omega couldn't help but pant in anticipation and wrap his arms around Alfred's neck.

"So sexy, fuck," Alfred inhaled sharply,

Arthur was supposed to have entered the field already, and for that matter, so was Alfred! Alfred was a moron turning him on like this right before practice. It's not like no one was going to notice the bulge in the omega's pants, especially an Alpha.

Arthur squirmed at the thought. He ran his fingers through Alfred's hair as he licked his collarbone lazily, looking on with possessive admiration. Only Alfred would do for him, only Alfred could touch him. He wanted no other Alpha. And thank God that normally, no other Alpha wanted him.

He was too proud and spiteful. Workaholic, argumentative, snooty, and cynical were unbecoming traits of an omega, and Arthur had them all and then some. No Alpha wanted to deal with an untameable omega. An omega who wanted, desperately, to become the captain of the soccer team, but always ended up benched. An omega whose exceptional skill at the sport for "his kind" was child's play to an Alpha. The omega who refused to be reduced to the "junior varsity" team, either- the dumping ground for omegas.

But Alfred was smitten with him.

It only took one day of waiting with his whiny team for the school field to be free so they could practice. The Alpha sat on the bleachers next to the others, but suddenly, their conversations dissipated into the soft humid air. Alfred's eye was caught. He watched a slender omega run after Alphas with all of his strength and get pushed into the ground. He was beautiful as he rose back up from the dirt and seemed to let the coach's scolding and yelling bounce off of his proud chest and returned to chasing that ball futilely. His movements were tight and graceful, like dancer, like a forest fairy. Time seemed to slow as Alfred removed his helmet and let his mouth fall open.

He needed to see that omega up close. He needed that lovely, tragic figure near him. He needed to protect him.

Alfred inhaled instinctively. He could imagine the smell.

And god, did he ever love the smell. Arthur's scent was so much better than he imagined. Grass, flowers, maybe hair product was his conjuration. Reality outweighed his thoughts dramatically- brown sugar, black tea, rose petals, clean linen; all wrapped in a midnight masculine bow. It was lovely. He couldn't get enough.

Alfred dug his nose deeper into Arthur's collarbone.

It was all his. His. He knew better but he couldn't help it. He ran his teeth over Arthur's neck.

The omega shuddered.

"Oh, Alfred," he breathed softly. He bared his neck for his Alpha.

"Aw, baby," Alfred huffed. If this is what he was like when Arthur had his bearings, he couldn't imagine the kind of Alpha he would turn into when Arthur was in heat.

This outfit with that scent surrounding him? Alfred dared to fantasize.

"I wanna fuck you so hard this wall breaks," the Alpha growled, and Arthur whimpered as his words vibrated against his skin. He arched his back into Alfred's touch.

"Ahn, Alfred," Arthur was getting hard. This was definitely getting out of hand!

His voice wavered in his request, "Can we please, mm, stop?"

Alfred halted. His baby blue eyes panned up to meet Arthur's, apologetic and pitiful.

The omega's heart was moved. He never wanted to disappoint his sweet Alpha, especially when he too wanted it so badly. Arthur's hands clasped Alfred's cheeks.

"Darling," he whispered warmly, "They'll come looking for us, you know. This is my first— I mean, I want to make a good impression, sweetheart, I've never practiced with the team before, what will they do when they see us inches away from—"

Arthur's voice tapered off.

The alpha chuckled. His lips brushed Arthur's gently.

"Okay, I'll wait," he mouthed. "Just for you."

"Mmm," Arthur hummed in approval, smiling as he left his Alpha's arms.

"Well, then. Shall we? It's you that wanted to see this in the first place."

"Hell yeah, I did! My baby bending over to lift cute girls, also dancing- with legs like that, how did you ever get into anything else?" Alfred near-shouted, back to his usual cheekiness.

Arthur scoffed.

This is exactly what he said last month.

"Alfred, stop," Arthur hissed.

Alfred continued, "Artie, babe, I'm serious, I think the cheer team could use someone like you! They are desperate for strong dancers with good acrobatic skills and I think you fit the bill!"

"Alfred, please, drop this!"

The alpha frowned. "Arthur, please, trust me. You're suited to this, not soccer."

That stung.

"What do you know about _football_, you Yankee twat!" Arthur spat.

Alfred's eyes narrowed.

"Arthur," he growled darkly. "Give it a chance."

The omega blushed. His body, of course, reacted adversely to upsetting his Alpha, but Arthur didn't care. Alfred knew how insecure he was about _football_. _He knew no one recognised his talents. Alfred acknowledged them. In fact, this dashing American's compliments about that very skill were the reason that Arthur first began to consider him.

That and his flawless appearance.

And his perfect scent.

Oh, lord, no other Alpha would do!

And in the end, that is why Arthur submitted that stupid paperwork with that stupid four-hundred dollar deposit and that stupid notarised document and sent his mother to that stupid informational meeting about competitions and payment.

All for his stupid Alpha.

He put on his white shirt and black athletic shorts and bought some cheer shoes. He learned an entire, full length, two minute long cheer with full choreography. He learned a three minute long field dance to an overly saccharine pop song. He spent hours at a time talking to omega girls in the omega bathroom, adjusting their bows or fixing their make up. He was opening up to the other two omega boys trying out about omega identity issues that he had never been able to relate to his Alpha teammates before.

He didn't know when, but it was sooner rather than later that Arthur stopped learning to cheer for his stupid Alpha and started learning to cheer for his stupid self.

After the three days of training camp, Arthur was ready. Arthur had the moves down to a science. All he had to do now was keep his perfect smile and steely composure and he would easily make the team.

"The Wra-aiths, we've got pride and spirit!" The girls chorused in the gym as they lined up, numbers tacked to their chests.

"Wra-aiths, come on, let me hear it!" They shouted.

"Wra-aiths! Pride! Spirit!" A crescendo sent shivers down Arthur's spine as he neared the front of the line.

"W-R-A-I-T-H-S! FEAR IT!"

He pushed open the gym doors.

Arthur expected to be a junior varsity cheerleader. He had never cheered before, had no gymnastic experience. He was lucky to be able to do a front flip. Sure, he was strong, and his moves were tight, but never did he think he'd be varsity on his first shot.

Alfred did.

When the coach started handing out the acceptance letters, Arthur heard his name called. His heart beat like a drum, fast and loud. One of the last. Could it be rejection?

His mouth quivered.

He ripped the envelope open.

'_Arthur Kirkland, _

_Congratulations! You have been selected to be on the 200x-200y varsity cheer squad! Have pride in your achievement! _

Quickly, emerald eyes scanned the letter.

'_Practice starts on Monday at 2:45 pm on the football field! Wear your new uniform! _

Uniform?

With a smile, the assistant cheer coach passed Arthur a clear bag. Neatly folded inside lay a navy, purple, and white two piece suit.

It was real. Arthur was a varsity cheerleader.

Honestly, he thought he'd be far more ashamed of the whole thing.

Alfred sure thought he was more shameless than he actually was, though.

He made a show of telling his Alpha pals that his omega was a varsity cheerleader now, boasting and whistling and otherwise being a complete idiot. Arthur knew Alfred was just proud of him and proud of himself for being so right about Arthur's real physical talents, but did his boyfriend have to be so obnoxious?

He liked it far better when he left the school building, uniform and letter in hand, to meet his Alpha who waited for tryouts to finish just to see Arthur. He preferred the Alfred who saw Arthur's sheepish smile and broke out into a full, loving grin. He invited that Alfred's gentle caress and proud kisses. He wanted that Alfred's giddy laughter and gentle teasing and endearing gaze.

He knew Alfred just wanted everyone to know how he felt, but Arthur preferred it private.

This intimate encounter outside the locker room was a perfect example. Why did Alfred choose public? Why before an important practice?

Arthur knew the answer- his Alpha was especially impulsive and proud

of his partner and couldn't help himself. But that didn't mean he had to approve of his behaviour!

Even if his impulsive behavior made him arch his back in desire every once in awhile.

Alfred pulled away from his omega reluctantly.

Even though Arthur disapproved of the time and place, his disappointment with being detached from his Alpha was evident.

Even so, he gave Alfred a dotting smile.

"Look at it this way, darling," he hummed. "I get to watch you tackle other men all day now."

"Yeah," his Alpha muttered, his breath hot, "And feel me tackling you all night."

Red rouge dusted Arthur's cheeks.

Damn! He sure knew what Arthur wanted to hear, the bastard!

"Yeah, I know you love that shit," Alfred teased, lust dripping from his voice as he bit his lip and flexed his hand to keep from kissing, licking, touching. "Just like you love me."

Now he read minds? Twat. Arthur pushed him aside weakly and made his way to the outside door, Alfred laughing the whole way behind him.

'I wonder if Alfred can see what I'm imagining nowâ€¦' Arthur mused with a tentative, but suggestive smirk just as soon as he was out of eyesight.

'He can probably tell, honestly. He knows me better than I know myself.'

End
file.